HYMNS

F O R

NEW-YEAR's-DAY.

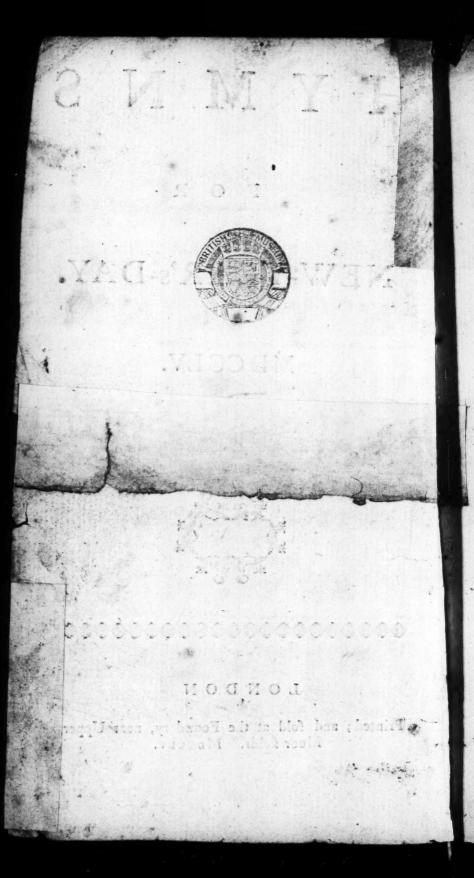
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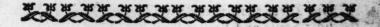




HYMNS

FOR

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.



HYMN I.

To God, who lengthens out our Days, Who spares us yet another Year, And lets us see his Goodness here; Happy, and wise, the Time redeem, And live, my Friends, and die to Him.

- How often when his Arm was bar'd, Hath He our finful Ifrael spar'd!

 Let them alone his Mercy cry'd,

 And turn'd the vengeful Bolt afide,

 Indulg'd another kind Reprieve,

 And strangely suffer'd us to live.
- But now the threatning Axe we faw,
 We faw when Jesus stept between,
 To part the Punishment and Sin,
 He pleaded for the Blood-bought Race,
 And Gob vouchsaf'd a longer Space!
- 4 Still in the donbtful Balance weigh'd We trembled, while the Remnant pray'd: The Father hear'd his Spirit Groan, And answer'd mild, it is my Son! He let the Prayer of Faith prevail, And Mercy turn d the hovering Scale.
- Merciful God, how shall we raise
 Our Hearts to pay Thee all thy Praise?
 Our Hearts shall beat for Thee alone,
 Our Lives shall make thy Goodness known,
 Our Souls and Bodies shall be Thine,
 A living Sacrifice Divine.
- 6 I, and my House, will serve the Lord, Led by the Spirit, and the Word; We plight our Faith, assembled here, To serve our God th' ensuing Year. And yow, when Time shall be no more, Thro' all Eternity t' adore.

HYMN II.

Ye Creatures of a Day,
Redeem the Time, be bold be wife,
And cast your Bonds away:
Shake off the Chains of Sin,
Like us, affembled here,
With Hymns of Praise to usher in
The acceptable Year.

The Year of Gospel-Grace
Like us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Carist embrace
Your proffer'd Liberty,
Pardon and Peace are nigh,
Which every Soul may prove;
The Lord, who now is passing by,
Makes this the Time of Love.

Thy Proffer we receive,
Obedient to thy Gospel-Call
That bids us turn, and hive;
Our former Years missipent,
Though late, we deeply mourn,
And soften by thy Grace repent,
And to thy Arms return.

With Fear, and Grief, and Shame, Our Folly we bemoan, But wonder at the patient Lamb, Who lets us still alone: Thy Patience lifts us up, Thy free unbounded Grace, And all our Fear is lost in Hope, And all our Grief in Praise.

Our Praise and Lives we pay,
Praise, ardent, cordial, constant give,
And shout to see thy Day:
Thy Day of saving Grace,
Thy consecrated Year,
When the bright Son of Righteousness.
Doth to our World appear.

Risen, we know, Thou art,
With Healing in thy Wings,
We feel, we feel it in our Heart
The Life thy Presence brings!
The Seal, and Earnest this
Our Pardon we receive,
And look with Thee in glorious Bliss
Eternally to live.

HYMN III.

e, we accepty industry

LLE Long, who now is pulling by, blakes this the Time of Love.

> Saviour, and LORD of all, Thy Proffer we receive,

BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow
The gladly folemn Sound,
Let all the Nations know
To Earth's remotest Bound
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home!

Jesus, our great High Priest,

Hath full Atonement made;

Ye weary Spirits rest,

Ye mournful Souls be glad,

The Year of Jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his Blood
Throughout the World proclaim:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home!

Ye Slaves of Sin, and Hell,
Your Liberty receive,
And fafe in Jesus dwell,
And bleft in Jesus live:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranfom'd Sinners, home!

Ye who have fold for nought
Your Heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The Gift of Jesu's Love:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranfom'd Sinners, home!

The Gospel trumpet hear,
The News of heavenly Grace,
And fav'd from Earth, appear
Before your Saviour's Face:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your Eternal Home.



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HYMN IV.

A L L Praise to the LORD
Whose Trumpet we hear,
Which speaks in his Word
The sessional Year:
The loud Proclamation
Of Freedom from Thrass,
And Gospel-Salvation
Is publish'd to all.

Z The Year of Release
Ev'n now is begun,
And Pardon, and Peace
With Jasus sent down:
Eternal Redemption
Thro' Him we obtain,
And present Exemption
From passionate Pain,

Ye Spirits enflav'd
Your Liberty claim,
Believe, and be fav'd
Thro' JESUS'S Name;
That infinite Lover
Of Sinners embrace,
And gladly recover
His forfeited Grace.

Your Prisons resound,
Your Fetters are loose,
Your Souls are unbound:

MMMH

Refume

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Refume the Possession

For which ye were born,

From Satan's Oppression

To Heaven return

HYMN V.

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COME, let us anew
Our Journey purfue,
Roll round with the Year,
And never fland still, till the Master appear;
His adorable Will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our Talents improve
By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love,

2 Our Life is a Dream,
Our Time as a Stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitave Moment resules to stay:
The Arrow is flown,
The Moment is gone,
The Millenial Year
Rushes on to our View, and Eternity's here I

O that each in the Day
Of his Coming might fay,
"I have fought my Way thro',

"I have finish'd the Work thou didst give me to do!

O that each from his Lord

May receive the glad Word,

"Well and faithfully done, "Enter into my Joy, and fit down on my Throne?"

HYMN VI.

THE LORD of Earth and Sky,
The God of Ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Antient of endless Days,
Who lengthens out our Trial here,
And spares us yet another Year.

2 Barren and wither'd Trees
We cumbered long the Ground,
No Fruit of Holiness
On our dead Souls was found;
Yet doth He us in Mercy spare
Another, and another Year.

When Justice bar'd the Sword To cut the Fig-tree down, The Pity of our Lord Cried, Let it still alone! The Father-mild inclines his Ear, And spares us yet another Year.

From Gop obtain'd the Grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer Space,
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
And lo, we see another Year!

Then dig about our Root,
Break up our fallow Ground,
And let our gracious Fruit
To thy great Praise abound,
O let us all thy Praise declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

HYMN VII.

SING to the great Jehovah's Praise!
All Praise to Him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our Day,
Demands our choicest Songs:
Whose Providence has brought us thro'
Another various Year,
We all with Vows and Anthems new
Before our God appear.

Thy still-continued Care,
To Thee presenting thro' thy Son
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our Lips and Lives shall gladly shew
The Wonders of thy Love,
While on in Jesu's Steps we go
To see thy Face above.

Thine, wholly Thine shall be,
And all our consecrated Powers
A Sacrifice to Thee:
Till Jesus in the Clouds appear
To Saints on Earth forgiven,
And bring the grand Sabbatic Year,
The Jubilee of Heaven.

FINIS.

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Who kindly length: a oor our livy.

Unole Providence has brought us thro'

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What have necessare and

The dill cost and and and and are seen and

What have preferring thro' thy Son

What ever we have, or are seen and

Our Lire and Liver flail alough fiew.

Our Refidue of Days or Hours
Thing, whelly I hire hall be.
And all our conferraged Powers
A Sacrifice to Time :
The track in the Closes appear
To Saints on Earth longiven. The had bring the grand Subbutic Tear.

'i ne Woeders of thy Lore, W While on in Para's segre we go Lo forthy Lace widde.

The Jubilee of Hervia.

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